THE FLEIRE.

As it hath beene often Played in the BLACKE-FRYERS by the Children of the Revels.

Written by EDVVARD SHARPHAM of the Middle Temple, Gentleman.

LONDON.
Printed by *B.A.* and *T.F.* for NATH: BVTTER, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop at the Pyde Bull at Saint *Auguſtines* Gate. 1631.

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TO THE READER
and Hearer.

FRiendly peruſers, or peruſing Friends, that have bin over-bold with ſome of vs, give me leave to bee a little bold with you: I have printed a Booke heere to make you laugh and lye downe too, if you pleaſe: I know it comes not like a Mouſe-trap to inveigle your good opinions, nor like newes of great Armies, very ſtrange and vndreamt of, but like forfeits to a Vſurer long lookt for. If you finde any errors by me committed, correct them or neglect them. The Author is inviſible to mee (*viz.* i'th Country) but whereabouts I canno: learne; yet I feare hee will ſee mee too ſoone, for I had of him before his departure an Epiſtle or Apologicall præamble (~~this being his firſt Minerva~~) directed unto you, which ſhould have beene in this Page divulg'd, and (not to jeſt with you, becauſe this

booke playes that part ſufficiently) I have loſt it, remembring none of the Contents. And therefore (kind Readers) I doe preſume thus to ſalute you; uſe theſe Comicall diſcourſes favourably, and you ſhall have ſome from the Author hereafter more worthy your favours and affections: through a narrow window you may view a broad Field; ſo in this *modicum* you may conceive his great deſire to delight you. But howſoever, I

I know this volume will be ſweet in the palates of your mindes, though your mouthes may finde it bitter in digeſtion, and ſo I commit your eyes to the next Page.

THE

may be Furniſh'd with moſt Sorts
Plays, at the *White Lion* near *Chancery-lane*
end in *Fleet-ſtreet*, by *Thomas Dring*.

THE FLEIRE.

Actus I.

Enter Signior Antifront, with a Lord.

Lord. Eere Lord, I know it well becomes not me to counsell him that best can counsell me: yet if it please you but to lend your eares, and heare my love if not my counsell.

Sig. No more, I know thy love tends to the stopping of my longing and my resolution: thou knowest that I no longer now am Signior: *Florence* hath got another Governor, and one step backe in state of Majesty, is a greater fall than to a meaner man that looseth all: Besides, thou know'st our Daughters they are fled, the true inheritors of *Florence* right, and mighty *Pise* now usurpes our regall seate: puissant in power and mighty in his wrong, hath mounted Falcon-like into the skye of state, seaz'd on our feblenesse, and beates our weakenesse downe. And therefore now I am resolv'd to find my two lost children out, or like as *Phaeton* in pride did ride, so I in griefe will pace the world about.

Lord. Vnto your celsitude I wish, till their effects your hopes may never faile. *Exit.*

Sig. Farewell, some strange disguise I needs must take both for my stealth away, as for my passage on the way: and yet my fortunes fall, disguisement is to great if pleas'd the heavens, but their wils still are lawes, all is but Iustice and our sinnes the cause: *Cuer sorte rompe cativa sorte.* *Exit.*

Enter Florida, and Felecia, Daughters to Signior Antifront, Madam Eromaga their waiting Gentlewoman, and two or three Seruingmen.

Flo Withdraw, leaue vs, wee would be private: Sister what thinke you of this trade of ours? *Exeunt all but the two Sisters.*

Fel. 'Tis base to be a whore.

Flo. 'Tis base to abuse great place, or basenesse to deceiue great trust.

Fel. And is,t not basenesse to abuse a great birth?

Flo. Yes if great birth abus'd not vs: if *Piso* had not prou'd the theefe and rob'd vs of our right, 't had bin worse then theft in us to rob our selves of honour: you'le say we are forbid to live by sinne, and yet we are commanded to seeke to live: the letter law expresse forbids to kill, and yet the sence permits it rather then to be kild: and since of two extremities the least is to be chosen, you know wee have no other meanes to liue, but had wee, yet we are faire by nature, scorning Art, and was not beautie made to be enioyed? doe wee not exclaime on those who haue aboundant store of Coine, and yet for want suffer the needie to perish at their doore? so might all doe on vs, hauing so much beauty, if we should suffer men for love of vs to die; shall wee in whome beautie keepes her court, bee curb'd and tide to one mans beneuolence? no, no, not I: rather then in vertue to live poore, in sinne Ile die.

Fel. Your resolusions hath confirm'd my doubtes, and since 'tis hatefull to live poore, to maintaine our state I am content: but these observances let me keepe, strangely amongst strangers let vs hold our state, and let our Servants seldome know, how familiar with our friends we be, and though Englands wealth doe now adorne vs; let's keepe the fashion still of *Florence.*

Content let's in, who's neere? attend vs, hoi.

Enter Fromage, and Ladyes Exeunt.
To her enter a Gentleman.

Gent. This is the streete, and as I remember this is the doore
Ile aske this ancient Gentlewoman: health and beauty dwell with you Ladie.

Fle. I thanke you sir, a has a courtlie phrase yfaith.

Gent. Doe the *Florentine* Ladies dwell heere?

Fro. Yes forsooth sir, I am a poore Gentlewoman that followes'm.

Gent. I am sent to'am by a Knight, who promist me hee had procured me the place of a Gentleman Vsher to them.

Fro. Sir Iohn Hautbois I thinke.

Gent. Yes indeed the same.

Fro. By my troth hee's an honest Knight, a has no fault but that hee's poore, and thats a small fault now a dayes: but let me see sir I pray, were you never a Gentleman Vsher before?

Gent. No truly never yet.

Fro. Then you must be instructed then sir.

Gent. I shall be glad to learne.

Fro. I hope you and I shall be more inward sir, and for your instruction I shall bee glad to laye open any secrets that I haue; therefore first you must obserue: ha you any Tables?

Gent. Yes, sure I neuer goe without Tables.

Fro. Plucke out your pin and write downe as I shall vtter: to be alwayes readie, standing bare, to bee imployed, when, where, and howsoeuer your Ladies please. You must never bee without monie of your owne, to lay out when your Ladies bid you, as eighteene pence to the Porter, halfe a crowne to the Coachman, or twelue pence for a Torch if their Ladiships come home late at night. If you be sent by your Ladie to an other Ladie, to know what rest shee tooke i'th' night, you shall deliuer your answere iust as it came from the Ladie: you must alwayes be in a cleane band, and cleane cuffes, how foule so ere your shirt be.

Gent. I will obserue all this.

Fre. You may by vertue of your office weare a Perewig, provided, it be just of the colour of your beard: let mee see, you have a hatch'd sword of your owne there, have you not?

Gent. Yes forsooth, I bought it for his Ladiships service.

Fre. 'Twas well done, you may weare it by your office, what is your Cloake lin'd through?

Gent. No, but 'tis of a good depth in.

Fre. 'Tis well done too, your Ladies love to have it Lin'd a good depth in, 'tis for their credit.
What, are those silver hangers of your owne?

Gent. No, I borrow'd these, but I have a paire of mine owne.

Fre. They are in trouble, are they?

Gent. No truely they are at mending.

Fre. Nay though they be, 'tis no shame, you have beene long out of service perchance.

Gent. Some three moneths.

Fre. Birlady 'tis a long time, but can you indure to walke some halfe a day in the Hall or the great Chamber, while some great Lord is busie with your Lady in an inner roome? You may sleepe an houre or two as your Citizens wives doe at a Sermon to passe away the time, but you must have a care to wake at the rushing of a Satten gowne, or the creaking of a doore, that if your Ladie come, you may bee presently up and bare.

Gent. Yes sure, I could doe it well.

Enter Florida.

Fre. You must stand stiffe up, and hold up your head, 'tis the chiefest thing belongs to your place, looke here comes the elder Ladie: Madam here's the Gentleman that Sir *John Have-little* commended to your Ladiship for a Gentleman Vsher.

Flo. Let him draw neare us.

Gent. The Knight commends his deere affection, and by me makes tender of his humble service to your Ladyship.

Fre. Kisse your hand and goe forward upon her.

Delivers a Letter.

Flo. We

Flo. We accept it, have read it, you are beholding to the Knight, and he hath spared no paints to make your worthie partes well knowne to vs: draw neere vs, henceforth wee accept you as our owne, and so wee bid you welcome: are you a Gentleman?

Gen. Yes sure Madam, for I was both borne and begotten in an Innes Court.

Fro. Sure Madam then he's a Gentleman, for hee that's but admitted to the house is a Gentleman, much more he that's begotten in the house.

Flo. You are the more welcome, and our bounty shall deserve your industry. *Exit Flo.*

Gent. Is the Lady a Princesse that she speakes *Vs* and *Wee* so much?

Fro. No, she sayes so meaning her selfe and her Sister, for they are both one, and such things as they have, they use in common, and must stand bare before them both: looke here comes the other Lady.

Enter Felicia.

Madam heere's the Gentleman that Sir *John Have-little* commended to your Ladiship for a Gentleman Vsher.

Fel. We like him and he's welcome, what good parts have you? Have you the tongues?

Gent. Not wery well Madam.

Fro. Yes Madam, a has the Scottish tongue very perfectly, and a has some skill in the Irish tongue too.

Fel. That's a wild speech.

Fro. Nay ile warrant your Ladyship he'l not runne away, has travel'd Madam too a sayes, for a has beene in Wales.

Fel. Has a no skill in the French tongue?

Gent. Some little skill Madam.

Fro. No sure Madam, I thinke your Ladyship hath more knowledge of the French than he.

Fel. Well, we will at more leysure survey your good parts, and make thereof the best for our owne use. *Exit.*

Gent. I pray what wages doe these Ladies give?

Fro. Faith your wages will bee much about the nature of your office, very bare standing wages: I thinke some for-

tie shillings a yeare.

Gent. Why, how meane they I shall live in their service?

Fre. Why, by their countenance: I ha knowne a Lord hath given his foole nothing but his countenance to live by, and I can tell you, 'a has proov'd a good Court-maintainance too.

Gent. Countenance? I hope I have a countenance good enough of mine owne, I need not serue for one.

Fre. In troth and so a has for a Gentleman-Vsher, I must needs say a very harmelesse sillie countenance.

Gent. Yes faith I meane to try their bounty.

Fre. Come will you walke in sir? Ile follow you.

Gent. Very willingly.

Fre. This is brave yfaith, a shall goe bare before mee too, a will serve us all three when we are abroad. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistresse Susan, and Nan, sisters.

Sus. Come sister, come, we were not borne to stand, 'tis against the nature of our sexes kind: come, sir, and tell me how many suiters you have, and which you most doe love? And I will tell you all mine, and which I most respect.

Nan. Faith I have a dozen at the least, and their deserts are all so good, I know not which I should love most: and one last day did court me thus: *O had my tongue the influence to leade thy faire thoughts as thy faire lookes doe mine: then shouldst thou be his prisoner who is thine.* I seeing my poore Gentleman likely to bee drown'd in the depth of *Hellespont*, delivered him this verse to catch hold of: *O be not faire, and so unkind: mishapen stuffe, is of behaviour boysterous and rough.*

Sus. But come, what was a for a man?

Nan. What was a for a man? Why, a was a man for a woman, what should a be? And yfaith he was a neate lad too, for his beard was newly cut bare; marry it showed something like a Medow newly mowed: stubble, stubble.

Sus. Well

Susan. Well I have a suiter too, if hee had as much wit as living, it may bee I should finde in my heart to love him.

Nan. What, is't Sir *Iohn Have-little* that gallant Knight that Courts delicate Ladies? Spare not the sweate of my body, man was made to labour, use my recreation, women to beare, ile use yours, Birds to flie, Fish to swimme, &c. And then sweares by my conscience Lady, I esteeme you as I doe money, which buyes every thing, and that's but like a Puncke, for every man has to doe with it.

Su. No Sister no, 'tis not he, for I thinke his wit cannot call his wealth Master, nor his wealth his wit, and yet they are both servants to a foole.

Nan. Faith who is't Sister, is't a proper man? Hath hee a good face?

Su. 'Tis the person and conditions I respect, and not face, for every Boy has a good face, and it's not worth a haire. No Sister no, my love is more worthier than words can utter: I cannot simpathize his rare perfections with any earthly substance: this Globe of durt produceth nothing worthy of his comparison, his soules perfection so refines his body, as you would thinke an Angell were his fire: his discourse, behaviour, and Immanity, attracts to him my soules felicitie.

Nan. Pray heaven it be not mine: nay come who is your love? Tell me?

Su. Nay who is yours? Speake first.

Nan. Yet agen!

Su. If it be mine, my heart will breake: Mine is Master ——

Nan. Who, who, who?

Su. Ruffell.

Nan. Pray God't be true.

Su. In troth 'tis he.

Nan. And mine is Master *Sparke*, and looke heere they come.

Enter

Enter Sparke, Ruffell, Pise, Knight, and Petoune.

Spar. Faith Ladyes, youth and beautie alwayes be your handmaides.

Ruff. Best fortunes your attendants.

Pise. Good clothes your companions.

Ruff. Wee all of vs your servants.

Pet. And let Tobacco be your perfumes.

Nau. Lord Gentlemen how your wits caperl me thinkes 'twould become you well at first enterance, your discretions came in with a sober measure.

Sp. Ladyes we are come to make a Gentleman of your acquaintance heere.

Nau. His name good Master *Sparke*? hee's verie welcome.

Spar. His name is *Sign. Petoune* a traveller and a great Tobacconist.

Pet. Faith Ladyes I take it now and then fasting for the purification of my wit.

Sus. Purification? why has your wit laine in child-bed sir?

Ruff. Yes indeede Ladie, brought to bed of a Moonecalfe.

Pet. Faith Ladies if you vs'd but mornings when yee rise, the diuine smoke of this Celestiall herbe, it will more purifie, clense and mundifie your complexions, by ten parts than your dissolved Mercurie, your juice of Lemmons, your distilled Snailes, your gourd waters, your oyle of Tartar, or a thousand such toyes.

Spa. Sure Ladies I must needs say th'instinct of this hearbe hath wrought in this Gentleman such a diuine influence of good words, excellent discourse, admirable invention, incomparable wit: why I tell yee, when he talkes, wisdome stands a mile off and dares not come neere him, for feare a should shame her: but before a did vse this Tobacco, a was the arrant'st Woodcocke that ever I saw.

Pet. Indeed I was a very sillie fellow.

Ruff. Nay, you were an arrant asse.

Pet. Sure I was a foole.

Kni. Nay

Kni. Nay, you were a most monstrous puppie.

Pet. Indeed I was an Idiot, a very Idiot.

Pise. By this light thou wert a most egregious coxcombe.

Pet. Indeed I was, indeed I was.

Sp. But since it hath imbellisht his good parts, perfected his ill parts, and made his secret actions correspondent to his outward wisdome, as you may well perceive.

Pet. Faith Lady, these Gentlewomen haue not long vsed my companie, yet you see how Tobacco hath already refined their spirits.

Pise. *Petoune* I wonder Tobacco hath not purified the complexion of thy nose?

Pet. Why, what ayles my nose?

Pise. Nay, bee not angry, I do not touch thy nose, to th'end a should take any thing in snuffe.

Pet. Why do y'play so about my nose?

Kni. Tis a good turne hee's no Flie signior: if a were, a would burne his wings.

Nan. O signior, these Gentle-women haue not long vsed your company, yet you see how Tobacco hath already refined theyr spirits.

Pet. Faith Ladie, would you bestowe but one favour of me.

Nan. Truely signior if you should haue as much favour as you haue complexion, you would be highly favoured.

Pet. Deare Ladie, now by this day I loue you.

Nan. Cheape Signior, now by the light of this day, I cannot love you.

Sp. Now Lady, what drugs of wit has this Apothecarie of Tobacco sold you?

Nan. Faith a sold me none sir, only he gave me a taste of his good meaning.

Pet. Faith Ladie I must inquire your name.

Sus. Pray doe sir, yon Gentle-woman knowes it.

Pet. O, I know it well inough.

Sus. Why do you inquire it then?

Pet. Come, come, Ladie can you loue?

Pet. And can you love me? *Su.* No.

Pet. Every foole can say I, and no.

Suf. And I alwayes answere every foole so.

Pet. Do y' thinke I want wit?

Suf. If you doe, 'tis a shame you doe not learne it.

Pet. Will you teach me? Ile come to you to schoole.

Suf. 'Tis not my profession sir, to teach a foole.

Spa. Looke, looke, this fellow is like your upright shoo, hee will serue eyther foot.

Pet. Good Lady have a better regard of me, doe but thinke me made of the same mettall other men are.

Suf. If others were of the same mettall you are, and all mine, I should quickly sell them to the Bell-makers.

Pet. Why, what mettall doe you thinke me?

Suf. Copper sir, copper, for I take your body to bee of the same mettall your nose is.

Pet. Deare Lady, now by this day I love you.

Spar. Why, how now Signiour, what sayes the Ladie, will she love thee man?

Pet. Faith I can get but a cold comfort of her.

Spa. Well, thanke her for't.

Pet. For what?

Spa. Why, for her cold comfort, she gave it thee to coole the heate of thy nose man?

Suf. Signiour, you see these Gentlewomen have not long used your company; yet you see how Tobacco hath already refined their spirits.

Ruff. Why how now Signior? At blind-man-buffe? Bob'd on either side?

Pet. Prethee peace: deare Ladie, please you take a pipe of Tobacco?

Ruff. I, come: Ile begin to her (*tab*) why, what a rogue art thou to offer a faire Ladie an emptie Pipe?

Su. Why Signior? Doe you make a foole of me?

Piso. Had you no body Signiour to have bob'd with an emptie Pipe but her?

Nan. Why how now Signior, could you finde never a fitter blocke to whet your wit on but my sister?

Sp. By

Sparke. By the divine ſmoke of Tobacco Signiour, you have ſham'd us all.

Pet. Sweare not good ſir, ſweare not, prophane not the Indian plant.

Kni. Had you no body elſe Signior, to breake an empty jeaſt on, but this Lady.

Suſ. No, no, a thinks any thing is good enough for me.

Pet. Sir, would you make my Lady and me friends?

Sparke. Nay Signior, I have no face to ſpeake, now you have abuſed her in your owne Element: if it had beene in any thing but Tobacco, I would have done my beſt.

Ruff. Harke you ſign. you were beſt to aske her forgiveneſſe on your knees, there's no way to get her friendſhip elſe.

Pet. But will ſhe forgive me thinke you if I aske her mercy on my knees?

Sp. Why, proove ſignior, you can but try, wee'll all ſpeake for you.

Ruff. Good Ladie will you forgive this ſignioar? You ſee his penitent griefe hath brought him very low, for hee's on's knees; beſides he weepes; ſpeake ſignioar ſpeake for your ſelfe.

Pet. Lady, I muſt confeſſe I have offered you an empty Pipe, which me thinkes hath ſmall reaſon to be taken in ſnuffe.

Sp. And you are ſorry for't ſignioar, are you not?

Pet. I with all my heart.

Spar. Forgive him good Lady, pray forgive him.

Suſ. I am content Gent. at your intreaties upon conditions.

Pet. Vpon any conditions.

Suſ. But you ſhall be ſworne to them.

Pet. Moſt willingly.

Ruff. Come, a ſhall be ſworne on's owne Tobacco Pipe.

Piſo. Looke you ſignioar, he told you there was no way to get her good will but by kneeling; for he that will have a womans love muſt ſtoope.

Sp. Come M. *Ruffell* you ſhall take his oath and lie miniſter't.

Ruff. Come ſignioar, put your hand to the pipe.

Suſ. Firſt, you ſhall never while you live offer Ladie or Gentlewoman an emptie pipe. *Pet.* Never.

Suf. Secondly, you ſhall never make Tobacco your Idoll, taking it in a morning before you ſaid your Prayers.

Pet. Never.

Suf. Thirdly, you ſhall never in the praiſe of Tobacco diſcloſe or diſpraiſe by the way of making compariſons, the ſecrets of Ladies, or Gentlewomen, as repeating their diſtill'd waters, their cenſing oyles, or their ſmoothing unguents.

Spar. To this you ſweare.

Pet. Moſt willingly.

Suf. Fourthly, you ſhall never come with your ſquibs and ſmoke-ſquirts amongſt Ladies and Gentlewomen, ſlinging out fume at your Noſtrels, as a whale doth ſalt-water, unleſſe you be intreated by them.

Pet. Never.

Suf. Fiftly, you ſhall preſently convey your ſelfe out of our company, never to come more neare us, unleſſe you bee ſent for.

Pet. Never?

Su. No never: ſo let him kiſſe the pipe.

Spar. Come Signior you have kneel'd to a faire end, to get you a Miſtreſſe, and here you have forſworne her.

Pet. I'm in a faire caſe now.

Piſo. Ifaith now thou art a Combe for any caſe.

Pet. Well, ile keepe my oath, farewell Gentlemen.

Piſo, Farewell Signior.

Spa. Adew Signior.

Kni. God be we Signior.

Pet. Well, ſome ſhall ſmoke for this.

Ruff. Let it be your noſe then good Signior in any caſe. *Exit.*

Enter Signior Antifront diſguiſed, called Fleire.

It is a good ſoyle, a wholeſome aire, a pretty Towne, handſome ſleight buildings, well proportioned people, very faire women.

Sp. Hayda, this is like a Lawyers ſtudy in the latter end of a Terme, one's no ſooner thrung'd out, but another's thruſt in, y'are welcome ſir.

Fle. But I am not ſir, for I am ſicke.

Ruff. Would

Ruff. Would you ſpeake with any man heere?

Fle. I care not greatly ſir, if I ſpoke with every man heere.

Nan. He's a mad fellow.

Spar. What art? *Fle.* Poore.

Ruff. Doſt meane to live in this Towne?

Fle. Ide be loath to dye in't.

Kni. In what Country wert borne?

Fle. In none. *Kni.* Where then?

Fle. In a Towne.

Kni. What Nation art?

Fle. An *Italian*.

Kni. O then thou canſt make Glaſſes.

Fle. I, and as wiſemen as you Aſſes too, O are you there *Piſo*? Your Father is my good Lord, but no more of that yet.

Spar. Why ſignior, I hope you wonnot ſwagger?

Fle. No, nor I care not greatly for them that doe, for your ſwaggerer is but like your walking ſpurre, a gingles much but hee'l never pricke.

Kni. Why art ſo melancholy?

Su. Ile hold my life he is in love with ſome waiting Gentlewoman.

Fle. He's a mad fellow will love any of you all, longer than a piſſing while.

Piſo. Why cam'ſt thou out of *Italy* into *England*?

Fl. Becauſe *England* would not come into *Italy* to me?

Piſ. Why art ſad?

Fle. Becauſe I have cauſe.

Piſo. Who doſt follow?

Fle. My Noſe.

Spa. Who doſt ſerve? *Fle.* God.

Ruff. Who art towards?

Fle. He that's before me.

Spa. What dooſt want?

Fle. Money.

Spark. Nothing elſe? *Fle.* Yes.

Spa. What? *Fle.* A good ſervice.

Spar. Shall I preferre thee?

Fle. I cannot tell, 'tis as I like the man.

Spa. Nay't shall be to a couple of Gentlewomen of thine owne Country.

Fle. I shall have enough to doe then I hope, I have heard of one woman hath serv'd ten men, but I never heard that one man should be preferred to serue two women before: y'are an Englishman. *Spa. l.*

Fle. So I thought indeed, you cannnot poyson so well as wee Italians, but you'll finde a meanes to bring a man out of his life as soone. Gods light serue two women quoth you?

Spark. Why thou shalt serue but one, yet take thy choyce of both.

Fle. I marry sir, I like when't comes to chusing.

Spark. What's thy name?

Fle. *Fleire.*

Spark. What's thy profession?

Fle. I have ever beene a Courtier.

Spa. A Courtier! Come Gentlemen I like this fellow so well that ile preferre him straight.

Nan. Doe so, you shall doe a deed of charity in't.

Sp. Faire Ladies you'l excuse us. *Exeunt. Manent Sus.*

Sus. You have beene very welcome Gentlemen. *Nan.*

Nan. Come Sister, there rests nothing for us now but this: wee'll get us in mans apparell, and serue them as Pages, so shall we hinder them in their marriages, and in th'end preferre our selves to be their wives.

Sus. I like it well, come let's about it presently. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Fleire solus, in a new suite.

Fle. I Have not yet beene seaven dayes here, and yet I see that grieves my very Soule; my Daughters, my Ladies

I must say now, make lust, labour for their maintenance, and this foolish Nation will sell their goods, their lands, nay their very soules for nights delights and momentarie sports, which like to lightning appeares, and vanisheth ere one can say 'tis come: but then repentance sticks close. There was a fellow with one of my Ladies this morning, and the poore slave has but seaven shillings a weeke boord wages, and yet hee has given sixe on't for a bit of extraordinary flesh, well: GOD give him the grace to pray, for a must fast. I ask'd the hot slave why a did not marry since a could not bridle his lust? And a told me a had rather fall into the Surgions mercie, than the worlds Beggerie; well, I see it cannot be deny'd, mercenarie women are necessary members: they plucke downe the pride of the flesh, yet are not proud themselves, for they'l be as familiar with the men as with the Master: they doe as many good deeds as some Friers that put one to penance for his sinnes, they put twenty to paines: he out of charity sends one to the Hospitall once a yeere, they send twenty to the Surgions once a Moneth. Say hee bids men repent, they make 'am repent, yet for all this some will call a'm damn'd Punckes: well, if they bee damn'd they'll not be damn'd *gratis* like your young Country-Gentlemen, nor in hugger mugger like your Citizens wife with her Prentise. They can practise without an overseer: they scorne to have a Suburbian Bawd lend 'am a Taffetie gowne, and they (like your common Players) let men come in for two pence a peece, and yet themselves to have but the tenth penny, like the tenth Pigge, yet faith the Trade is a good trade: They forsweare not themselves, in commendation of their wares, as your common Tradesmen doe, swearing they cannot affoord it at the price. They are no proverbe breakers: beware the buyer say they, you shall have enough for your money, if halfe will not serue your turne take the whole, measure by your own yard, you shall have Winchester measure. I was somewhat bold with one of their Ladyships this morning, & askt her why women went to the generating sport all the yeare, since beasts themselves went too't but once? And she answered me, because they were women and had reason to know what was good for themselves, and so had not beasts: But soft, here comes signior *Petrone*.

Enter

Enter Peroune taking Tobacco.

Per. O *Fleire*, how dooſt *Fleire*?

Fle. O Signior, you may ſnuffle out your ſmoake heere ſignior, and ſave your oath too, here are no Cuckold-makers.

Per. What are they *Fleire*?

Fle. Women ſignior, women: I heard what a raſh Gentleman you are to forſweare your Miſtreſſe company in the very heate of your affection.

Per. Hang her, hang her, ſhe's a very crickee, ſhee hath written for me three or foure times, but ile ſee her damn'd ere ile come to her, woot take any Tobacco *Fleire*?

Fle. No, not I; ile not make my noſe a red Herring, ile not hang him ith' ſmoke.

Per. Thou art a good Courtier *Fleire*, th'aſt got a ſuite already.

Fle. Nay I have two or three Offices too.

Per. Prithee what are they?

Fl. Why I am Yeoman ath' Iordan, Gentleman ath' ſmock, and ſquire of entertainment: for when your Gallants approach, I take their incombe, for if I ſtay till their out-come, the divell a bit of any ſilver ſir can I get: for your new-made Gallants lay all on their backe, and ſpend all ath' belly.

Per. How doe thy two Ladies live *Fleire*?

Fle. Like two muſk-cats in a Coope.

Per. Why? I heare ſay they live gallantly.

Fle. Phen, they? Why they keepe a little Court.

Per. And what art thou, a Sumner?

Fle. A Sumner, why?

Per. Becauſe thou art one of the; harke in thine eare.

Fle. Well ſaid Caulfe, haſt beene a ſucking all this while for that jeſt? No, I have an honourable place, I am one of their Leaders, for their ſhooes are ſo high, and their heeles ſo ſhort if they ſhould not be led, they'd play domeſticke trickes abroad, and ſhow all.

Per. Thou their Leader! Why doe they meane to goe to the warres?

Fle. I thinke ſo, for I am ſure here were a couple of gentlemen laſt night that ſcowr'd their peeces.

Pet. I thinke *Fleir* thy Ladies are not very rich.

Fle. How can they? they ſpend when others get.

Pet. Doſt heare *Fleir*? woot preferme to their ſervice?

Fle. What I ſhall wee embrace? ſhall we haue red-noſ'd Corporals here: what you rogue? will you turne Sumner? away you whale-noſ'd rogue away, goe, ſnuffle, ſnuffle in the Ocean, away you ſlave.

Pet. Is thy name *Fleir*? tha'rt a flattering, fleering, cogging knave. *Exit.*

Enter two Ladies, one ſinging:

Fel. His mans red hoſe, were the colour of his noſe,
and his breech was made of blue,
And he in ſhape, but a Frenck-mans Ape,
„and ſo ſweete ſir adieu.
" Holla, holla ye pampred Iades of Aſia,
And can you draw but twentie miles a day?

Fle. Give me a bow, Ile hit the Sunne.

Fel. Why 'tis impoſſible.

Fle. No more canſt thou hit true felicitie.

Fel. O I am in an excellent humor, now I could laugh, daunce, leape, or doe any light tricks that belongs to a light wench.

Fle. But looke who's here?

Fel. O ſigneur *Fleir*, how doſt, how doſt man; we may bee merry before thee, thoul't be ſecret, wo't not?

Fle. As your Midwife, or Barber Surgeon Madam;

Fel. How lik'ſt the Citie *Fleir*, ha, how lik'ſt it?

Fle. Faith wel Madam, were not your Citizens, ſuch heauie head fellowes:

Fel. That's a ſigne they are no drunkards.

Fle. Indeede Madam, drinke lightens the head, the heart, the heeles, the pot, the purſe; but it makes heavie chamberpots, full bowels, and foule roomes: enough.

Fel. How doſt like the Gentlemen of this Countrey?

Fle. I can compare your Gentleman, and your Marchants, to nothing so fitly as your Flea and your Lowse: I had rather trust your lowse with a hundred pound, then your Flea with fortie; for your Lowse, like the Merchant, stands too't, you shall know where to find him, but your Flea, like the Gentleman, if you take him not at first sight a slips from you.

Fle. Me thinks they haue a strange fashion heere, they take money with their wiues, and giue money to their wenches.

Fle. And good reason too (Madam) would you have a man bee troubled with a wife, as long as he lives for nothing? A gives money to his wench, to be as soone rid of her as he has done with her.

Fel. What's the reason *Fleire*, the Citizens wives weare all Corkes in their shooes;

Fle. O Madam, to keepe the custome of the Citie, onely to bee light heel'd. The Cittie is like a Commodie, both in parts and in apparell, and your Gallants are the Actors: for hee that yesterday played the Gentleman, now playes the Begger; shee that played the Wayting-woman, now playes the Queane; hee that played the married-man, now playes the Cuckold; and shee that played the Ladie, now playes the Painter. Then for their apparell, they have change too: for shee that wore the Petticote, now weares the Breech; hee that wore the Coxcombe, now weares the feather; the Gentleman that wore the long Sword, now weares the short Hanger; and hee that could scarce get Velvet for his Cape, has now lin'de his Cloake throughout with it.

Fle. But how dost like the Court *Fleire*?

Fle. Well ynough, if they did not catch their meate so, it comes no sooner from Table, but tone fellow has a fatte Ducke by the rumpe, thother a slipperie Eele by the taile, and an old Courtier that best knew the tricks on,t was mumbling of a Cunnie in a corner alone by himselfe.

Fel.

Fel. What good cheere didſt ſee there?

Fle. Faith there was much good meate, but me thought your faire Ladie was your onely diſh.

Flo. I, but that's a coſtly diſh, and will aske rich ſawcing.

Fle. Faith for mine owne part when I had a ſtomacke, I ſhould like it beſt in it owne naked kinde, without any ſawce at all.

Flo. What's the newes now at Court *Fleire*?

Fle. Faith they ſay your Ladies cannot endure the old faſhion Spurre, they ſay it hangs to a mans heele like a Wheele-barrow, but they loue the fine little Scottiſh Spurre, it makes the Court Gennet curuet, curuet gallantly.

Flo. I prethee *Fleire*, how goes the report of us two abroad?

Fle. If I ſhould tell you, I feare your Ladiſhips would be angry.

Flo. No, not a whit.

Fle. But alas they are your common people, they are like your Slippers, they are alwayes gaping, their mouthes are never ſhut.

Flo. But what ſay they of us?

Fle. Alas Madam, their tongues are like your dry leather ſhooes, alwayes creaking.

Flo. But I prithee tell us, what doe they ſay of us?

Fle. I ſhall offend your Ladiſhips.

Flo. I tell thee no.

Fle. But alas Madam, I doe not beleeve them, becauſe I know the conditions of the ſlaves; why I tell you, their tongues are like the jacke of a Clocke, ſtill in labour.

Flo. I thinke th'art madde, I prethee tell us what they ſay.

Fle. I would be loath to diſpleaſe you.

Flo. I tell thee thou ſhalt not.

Fle. Faith they ſay your Ladiſhips are a couple of ſtately Curtizans.

Flo. Faith that was not much amiſſe, ſayd they no worſe?

Fle. You'l not be angry with me.

Flo. No a my word.

Fle. By my troth they ſayd ſtately Whores.

Flo. What Pagan rogues be theſe? Were they but roaſted Larkes for my ſake, I would cruſh am bones and all.

Fel. Why? Are you ſo angry ſiſter? You know they ſpeake truth.

Flo. Why, are we Whores?

Fel. What are we elſe?

Flo. Why we are Curtizans.

Fel. And what difference pray?

Fle. O great, great Madam, your Whore is for every raſcall, but your Curtizan is for your Courtier.

Flo. He has given you a difference now.

Fle. And indeed Madam I ſaid ſo, for in truth I was very angry with' am, but they ſayd you were for every Servingman too.

Flo. Did they ſay ſo?

Fle. Yes indeed Madam, I hope I have touch'd you now?

Flo. Ile hold my life this ſlave the Servingman, that was with me this morning, has brag'd of my kindneſſe to him.

Fle. Nay, that's likely, never truſt a fellow that will flatter, fleire, and fawne for foure nobles a yeare.

Flo. Well, ile never have Servingman touch any linnen of mine agen.

Fle. Yes Madam, a may touch't when 'tis at your Laundreſſes.

Flo. I, at my Laundreſſes, or elſe not: but what a raſcal's this? By this light, ile never ſuffer Servingman come neere me agen.

Fle. Yes Madam, to deliver you a letter or ſo.

Flo. By this hand, not unleſſe the Rogue kiſſe his hand firſt.

Fle. O Madam! Why? Since blew coates were left off, the kiſſing of the hand is the Servingmans badge, you ſhall know him by't: but Madam, I ſpeake ſomething boldly of you now and then, when I am out of your hearing, to heare what the world will ſay of you, for you know that's the way

to

to pumpe filthy words out of their mouthes, if there bee any in them.

Fel. And doe so still, we allow thee to say any thing, for thereby we shall know our friends from our foes.

Fle. I assure your Ladiships, I love you, and am sorry for you, from my soule, although you know it not.

Flo. We doubt it not.

Fel. Come sister will you in?

Flo. I prithee *Fleire* informe us how the tide of opinion runs on us, lest we bo drown'd in the slanderous imaginations of the world.

Fle. I shall be very vigilant of your reputations.

Amb. Be so. *Exeunt Sisters.*

Enter Ruffell.

Fle. Who comes here a Gods-name? O, my gallant ruffles it out in silke, where have you beene all this while?

Ruff. Faith at Court *Fleire*, when wert thou there?

Fle. Faith but yesterday, where I saw a Farmers Son sit, newly made a Courtier, that sate in the presence at Cardes, as familiar as if the Chaire of state had beene made of a piece of his fathers Barne-doore: O 'tis a shame, I would have state be state in earnest and in game, I like your Courtier for nothing but often saying his prayers.

Ruff. What, I thinke thou seldome sayest thy prayers, since thou hast almost forgot thy Pater-noster.

Fle. Faith I pray once a weeke, doest thou pray oftner.

Ruff. I did pray oftner when I was an Englishman, but I have not prayed often I must confesse, since I was a Britaine: but doest heare *Fleire*? Canst tell me if an Englishman were in debt, whether a Brittaine must pay it or no?

Fle. No, questionlesse no.

Ruff. I'm glad of that, I hope some honest statute will come shortly, and wipe out all my scores.

Fle. But what's the newes now abroad master *Ruffell*?

Ruff. Why they say the Courtiers shall make the Citizens no more Cuckolds.

Fle. Excellent Newes yfaith, excellent newes, then the Court will grow rich.

Ruff. Rich? Why man, why?

Fle. Why then your courtier will not beſtow his money in buying the Merchants idle commodities to lye with his wife.

Ruff. *Fleire* I did but to try thee, the tide of the Floud is turn'd man.

Fle. Then let them ſweat for't.

Ruff. For what?

Fle. If they ſtrive againſt the ſtreame. (courtiers.

Ruff. No, but I meane the Citizens muſt Cuckold the

Fle. Excellent newes yfaith, excellent newes, then the Court will grow rich.

Ruff. What, like your Weavers ſhuttle? Make cloath forward and backward, but how I prethee? But harke you *Fleire*? are you capable of a ſecret?

Fle. As your common Cockatrice, that receives the ſecrets of every man.

Ruff. Then I muſt intreat I may truſt thee.

Fle. That's becauſe I am no Taylor, for if I were, thou wouldſt intreat me to truſt thee.

Ruff. Sirra, they ſay your Ladies are a couple of common Punckes: I hope I may truſt you with a ſecret?

Fle. Sir, ſir, do y'heare, do y'thinke they are no worſe?

Ruff. Worſe! Why can they be worſe?

Fle. O ſir, they may bee private Punckes: why I tell you hee that takes up his private Punckes linnen, were better take up any commodity about the Towne: if 'twere a commoditie of Mouſetraps, a ſhould not looſe much by the bargaine.

Ruff. But harke you *Fleire*, harke you, 'tis ſuppos'd I can tell you, they are a couple of private punckes.

Fle. Nay, then there's ſome hope they'll prove honeſt women.

Ruff. Yea, how *Fleire* how?

Fle. Why, your private puncke would leave being a puncke, rather than be private to one man for nothing, and then if all men were like thee, they would be honeſt, for thou

haſt

haſt nothing to give am.

Ruff. What a cogging fleiring Rogue is this, nothing will anger him: but doe y' heare *Fleire*, art thou a Procurer, or a Knave? For one of them I am ſure thou art?

Fle. A procurer! What's that?

Ruff. One that procures meanes for procreation, vulgarly cal'd a Pander.

Fle. By this light now were I notable a Rogue, ſhould I deny my profeſſion, why, I am a Procurer ſir.

Ruff. Nay, then thou art a Knave too, that's certaine, for there is ſuch a ſimpathie betweene a Procurer and a Knave, as there is betweene an Alcumiſt and a Begger.

Fle. But looke you ſir, pray will you tell me one thing now.

Ruff. Whats that?

Fle. Are you a Whoremaſter or a Thiefe? For one of them i'm ſure you are.

Ruff. By this light now a comes neere me too: why I am a Whoremaſter.

Fle. Nay then you are a theife too, that's certaine, for your Whoremaſter alwayes filcheth for victuals, for you know fleſh is mans food, marry ſir you cannot be hang'd for't, 'tis but petſilaſſery at moſt, but you may chance be whipt for't, and burnt too, but ith' —— Signior, not ith' hand.

Enter Sparke.

Spa. Save yee Gentles.

Ruff. Then we are enemies to the Iewes.

Fle. O my good preferrer, how does your worſhip, you are a ſtranger here?

Spa. Faith I have beene with two Gentlewomen, in whoſe company thou firſt ſaweſt us, and there the Knight Sir *John Haveluſh*, is ſo in love with the younger, as a knowes not whether a ſhould rejoyce, ſhe hath ſo much beauty: or lament becauſe he is like to enjoy none on't.

Fle. By my troth I tooke him for a Conjurer, when I firſt ſaw him, a talkt ſo much of his ſoule and the Divell.

Sparke. Why a ſold his ſoule to the Divell man for the velvet that lines his cloake.

Fl. And when will he give the Divell his due?

Sparke. Nay, a deales with him, as a does with his Tailor, goes upon truſt, and muſnes to pay them both at the latter day.

Fle. But does not the Gentlemen jeſt at him?

Kni. Yes, one of them asked if he were a celeſtriall or a terreſtriall Knight, and hee very ignorantly asked what Knights they were? Your terreſtriall Knight quoth ſhe, is of a groſſe element, and lives upon lands of his owne, but your celeſtriall Knight, he lives by the Heire, that is, by his elder brother. Hee it was, was knighted, when ſo few ſcap't the ſword, and he it is that now lives by the ſword.

Fle. And what ſaid the Knight, what ſaid he?

Sp. Faith as ſome Courtiers doe, laugh at what he did not underſtand, and ſwore an oath or two of the new faſhion, as by my conſcience Lady, you have a very good ſpirit, and ſo after two or three Court complements, beſeech'd the Ladies retaine him ſtill in their good graces, kiſt his hand and went his way.

Fle. Faith me thinkes your Engliſh Ladies were very gallant Creatures, had they not one fault.

Spark. What's that?

Fle. I have heard ſay, they will riſe ſooner, and goe with more devotion to ſee an extraordinary execution, than to heare a Sermon.

Spark. O ſignior, condemne not all for ſome, indeed I muſt confeſſe there have beene Ladies at executions.

Fle. I, and they ſate bare fac'd too, for feare the little fleet-holes of their maſks ſhould not give their eyes roome enough for ſuch a proſpect: one Lady thruſt her head ſo farre out at a window, with greedy deſire to ſee all, that the whole body was like to follow, making a forked tree with her head downe had not her Gentleman-Vſher, contrary to the nature of his office, catcht hold of her behind.

Spa. A forked-tree; why what tree doeſt thou thinke ſhee would have made?

Fle. O ſir, a Medler-tree, a Medler-tree.

Spark. But *Fleire*, how does the Gentleman-Vſher, live with thy Ladies?

Fle. Faith ſir, in the nature of a Munkie, that flatters and fawnes

fawnes, and shakes his taile in his Mistresse lap: but yfaith Gallants, whether are you two bound now?

Spa. We are even ready for your two Ladies, Signior.

Fle. Faith and you shall finde my two Ladies as ready for you two: Come, come, ile put you in the way of all flesh, ile send you to Graves-end, ile see yee in the Tiltboat, when you are there ship your selves: in, in, in. *Exit Spa. & Bus.*

Enter Piso and Knight.

Piso. How is't *Fleire*?

Fle. O my Lord, you are a welcome man.

Kni. Save you Signior.

Fle. O my gracious Knight, and whether are you two bound now?

Piso. Faith e'en to your two Ladies Signior.

Fle. Yea? And will you to the South-ward yfaith? Will you to the confines of *Italie* my Gallants? Take heed how yee goe North-ward, 'tis a dangerous Coast, jest not with't in Winter, therefore goe South-wards my Gallants, South-ward I say: I have shipt two Gallants in a storme, I feare they have spent their maine Mastes by this time, and are comming home againe: but if you will Southwards, my hearts of gold, ile ship you in pompe, I send you under the very line, where the Sunnes at hottest.

Piso. But come, shall we goe see thy Ladies *Fleire*?

Fle. I, I, I, Come: but my good Lord you'l bee a welcome man, for I have heard her often sweare, that had shee such a Husband, a man so richly deckt in vertuous ornaments, shee would forsake this life, her-selfe, nay, her very being, to bee yours, O my good Lord, she loves you dearely.

Piso. Pheu, but I cannot requite it.

Fle. Why my good Lord?

Piso. She's a common thing.

Fle. But say she may turne my Lord.

Piso. She has beene so much worne, shee's not worth the turning now.

Fle. O my Lord, penitence doth purge a ſpotted ſoule, and better leave ſinne late than not at all: and I do know my Lord that for your love from her immodeſt life ſhe'l turne.

Poſ. I, I, I doubt not but ſhe'll turne: but 'twill bee like a Buzzard Hawke, that turnes taile to her game.

Kni. *Fleire*, is the Gentleman-Vſher that I prefer'd to your Ladies in any favour with them?

Fle. Great, great: a kiſſes his hand with an excellent grace, and a will leire and fleire upon am, he's partly their Phiſitian, a makes am Suppoſitories, and gives am Gliſters.

Kni. And how lives he with am.

Fle. Faith like *Thisbe* in the Play, a has almoſt kil'd himſelfe with the ſcabberd: but hearke you Knight, you'll be a welcome man to my younger Lady, I proteſt ſhe thinkes worthily of you,

Knight. Signior I muſt confeſſe, I am beholding to your Lady; and to tell you truely, I have much affected her ſince I firſt ſaw her.

Fleire. Vpon my word ſir, to my knowledge ſhee is an honeſt Gentlewoman, yet the World may chance ſpeake ill of her. VVhy I have heard ſome ſay *Penelope* was a Smocke, having no reaſon to ſuſpect her, but becauſe ſhe [illegible] late a nights, when 'twas but to undoe that which ſhee did by day. I have heard ſome ſay *Hercules* was a Coward, becauſe hee did not fight at ſingle Rapier, like a Gallant, but with a Clubbe.

Kni. Nay I have no reaſon to thinke the worſe of her for the report of the world; for the world Signior perchance ſpeakes ill of you or me.

Fle. Why, y'are in th'right, I have heard ſome ſay, you were a very needy Knight, and that you had but one ſhirt to your backe, when you firſt came to this Towne: Nay more, when your Lacky carried it to the Laundreſſe, it was found to be a womans ſmocke, that you had borrowed: but what? Should my Lady or I beleeve this now?

Kni. I hope ſhe doth not.

Fle. No,

Fle. No, no, no.

Piſo. Come *Fleire* ſhall we ſee thy Ladies?

Fle. I, I, hoe, who's within there.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. What would you have Maſter *Fleire*?

Fle. Prithee ſhew theſe Gentlemen up into the great Chamber, and give my Ladies notice of their being there, I have a little buſineſſe my Lords, he'll conduct yee, yee ſhall finde a couple of your acquaintance there. *Exeunt. Manet Fleire.*

Could I but worke Lord *Piſo*, and my eldeſt Daughter, to make am both affect and love each other, that marriage might unite their hearts together: O then there were aſſured hope we might redeeme our honours loſt, and regaine our right in *Florence*. And for this Knight though he be poore, yet would he married were unto *Felicia*.

For oft a loving husbands awfull eye,
Sets right the womans ſteps that went awry.
Heaven I know has grace enough in ſtore,
To make moſt chaſt, a moſt laſcivious Whore.

Enter the two Wenches in Boyes apparell.

How now? Who have we here? A couple of foot-men?

Suſ. You ſee ſir, we are not a Horſe-backe.

Fle. How now my little fire-workes of wit? What? flaſhes and flames? Tell me true, were you never Vſhers to ſome great mans Coach-mares? Did you never runne bare before them.

Nan. Never we Sir:

Fleire. Whither are you going?

Suſ. Sir, we want a ſervice, and are going to get a Maſter.

Fle. Come, come ile prefer you both, thou ſhalt ſerve a Country-man of mine he's going to travaile: ſhalt goe with him, and thou ſhalt ſerve one of my Ladies.

Suſ. We would willingly ſerve two neare friends, becauſe we are Brothers, and indeed two twins, and therefore are loath to be parted.

Fle. Two twins, that's all one, come, come, you ſhall ſerve am.

Nan. You ſhall pardon us ſir.

Enter Florida, Sparke, Felecia: Ruffell, Piſo, Knight, and Fromage.

Flor. I hope you'l not condemne me for my love.

Spa. I have no reaſon Lady.

Flor. I offered you unaskt.

Spa. That which a number oft hath bought.

Flor. Partly they have, and partly not, for I would have you know, my function ſeldome ſels affection: what though I have evill liv'd? Repentant teares can waſh away my ſin, which ile powre forth like drops of winter raine, and now henceforth, ever ile this life abhorre, and to the earth my knees ile dayly bow, to get mercy from heaven, love from you.

Nan. O the divell take impudency ſhe courts him.

Spa. Madam, the love that I may give you, fully doe injoy, but I have ſworne with other love than as a brother doth a ſiſter never to love any.

Fel. O ſir, my fortunes are not fellowes with my birth, they make me ſtoope to baſe dejected courſes, but would you love me, I would as ſwift as thought flie this life, and leave luſts fouleſt ſin, for fleſhly beaſts to ſleepe and wallow in.

Suſ. Shame to thy ſexe, no more.

Ru. Lady in all the honeſt offices that friendſhip may command, command me ſtill, but yet I have not ſeene the face to which I owe ſo much of love, as may juſtly arreſt my affections, and when I doe, ile pay ſo due a debt without impriſonment.

Piſ. Me thinkes yond Lady growes fairer much then ſhe was wont, me thinks her feature mends, and her comely geſture, much hath drawne my heart to love her, O but ſhe's a Whore.

Nan. Gentlemen doe you lacke a Boy. *Spar.* No.

Nan. O God, I am undone.

Su. Sir do y'want a ſervant? *Roſſ.* No.

Su. O Lord what ſhall I doe.

Piſ. What canſt doe?

Nan. Any thing that a Boy ſhould doe.

Piſ. Woot dwell with me?

Su. 'Tis partly as you'l uſe me.

Kni. Ile uſe thee well.

Su. Well.

Piſ. Tell me, are you both content to dwell with us two?

Both. As pleaſe you two.

Piſ. Then thou ſhalt live with me.

Kni. And thou with me.

Spa. Come Gentlemen will you be going?

Both. We attend you ſir.

Spa. Ladies our occaſions call us hence, and I am ſorry we muſt leave you. *Exeunt.* *Manent Piſo, and Nan.*

Flo. Gentlemen you all both have, and ever ſhall be welcome.

Piſ. Lady I will leave you much more affection than I thought to lend you, but I deale on uſe, & have much intereſt.

Flo. Caught I hope, hold hooke and line, he's faſt by heaven.

Flo. My Lord, what you lend me, with much intereſt ſhall be repaid. *Piſo.* Adew.

Flo. Fare you well: refuſed.

Fel. Contemn'd. *Flo.* Diſdain'd.

Fel. Abus'd. *Flo.* A dyes.

Fel. A ſhall not live.

Flo. Diſdaine the Daughter of ſuch a Signior?

Fel. Contemne a Lady borne? Siſter we are wrong'd.

Flo. But if you'l conſent, I have a project layd, that in requitall both of them ſhall die.

Fel. You make my ſoule ſweet harmony, come let's about it then. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

Actus III. Scæna I.

Enter the Ladies each with a Letter, and Fleire *aside.*

Flo. Are we in private?

Fel. Weare.

Flo. Pray sister what moving lines of love has your Knight toucht your affection with?

Fel. Faith his stile is plaine, onely a little Courtlike silken phrase it has, but I hope your Lord hath sent rich words like jewels, for your eares against your nuptiall day.

Flo. Faith a woes with lines that might perswade another though not me, which ile lend your eyes, upon the like received curtesie from you.

Fel. With all my heart. *Change Letters.*

Flo. What have we here? *Read.*

Lady, I know the nobleneſſe of your diſpoſition, defends you from the leaſt ſparke of baſenes, wherefore I invocate every particular vertue of yours, tobe Mediators to your beſt judgment, for my better eſtimation in your love: my affection is zealous, my intent honourable, my deſire marriage: thus deſiring your reſolved anſwere, I reſt.

Ever at your diſpoſure:
Iacke Have-little Knight.

Vpon my life ſome friend did pen it for the foole.

Fel. Let me ſee what's this? *Read.*

You the underſtanding ſpirit of a Woman, let the ſplendour of your beauty, with ſome heat of your affection, ſhine upon the creature that adores yee, and with the heavenly comfort of your love, melt

melt and thaw diſpaire from my dying heart: which if it live, it lives to love, if die, it dyes in love, but howſoever 'tis yours, 'twas made for you, lives by you, and dyes without you.

Yours in the moſt zealous degree of affection.
Don Piſo de Florence.

Siſter upon my life, this is Son and heire to Duke *Piſo* that now is.

Flo. O would he were! But whoſoere he bee, a muſt bee made a match, to give fire to the Hell-blacke powder of our revenge, yet your love, the wiſe Knight and he, are two in one there are no ſuch friends as they.

Fel. Then let them march both hand in hand in one way.

Flo. Then ſhall be thus: theſe two being earneſt Suters for our loves, we'll grant upon condition, that ſudainly they murther *Sparke* and *Ruffell*. But firſt to take the Sacrament, if ever it be knowne, as knowne 'twill be, to keepe our names unſpotted in the action; this being done——

Fel. Let them challenge us, we and our loves are wonne: but ſay they ſhould reveale us?

Flo. O none will breake a Sacrament, to heape up perjury on other ſinnes, when death and Hell ſtands gaping for their ſoules.

Fel. But ſay they raile on us.

Flo. If they doe, 'tis knowne, we lov'd *Sparke* and *Ruffell*, and men will thinke they kild am for our loves, ſince they liv'd in our favour, theſe in diſgraee.

Fel. I like it well, come let's haſten it.
For this is even as true as ere was text.
„Plots are but dreames untill they take effect. *Exeunt.*

Flo. O God, I thinke the path to hell that women tread, is broder then the way men goe: how they walke by couples to the divell?

Enter Piſo.

Piſo, O that I ſhould love a Whore, a very common Cockatriſe

katriſe, my thoughts are drown'd in a gulfe of ſinne, ſhes' a very Canniball, which doth devoure mans fleſh, and a Horſeleach that ſucks out mens beſt blouds perfection: a very priſoners box that's ope for every mans benevolence: and I am Heire unto a Duke, yet love her: doth any man here love a Whore? I, who? I, I, I, 'tis I, an arrant puncke and common hir'd Hackney, and yet I love her; I adore her, I doate on her, I worſhip her, O would ſome good man would cut my throat and put me out of paine —— of paine, O that nature would not make an honeſt woman!

Fle. She did, ſhe did my Lord.

Piſ. Ar't there? Speake, who was't?

Fle. *Eve, Eve*, my Lord, ſhe was honeſt.

Piſ. Art ſure on't?

Fle. I ſure my Lord, for there was no man to tempt her but her husband.

Piſ. I thought 'twas ſome ſuch Country Gentlewoman, O *Fleire*, *Fleire*, I love a whore.

Fle. Why my Lord, were you never a Souldier?

Piſ. Yes, yes.

Fle. Why then 'tis your profeſſion, you need not bee aſham'd of your trade.

Piſ. But *Fleire*, woot helpe me, woot helpe me man?

Fle. I, I, who is't?

Piſ. Thy Lady, thy elder Lady.

Fle. O my Lord, love her? Why ſhe's a whore.

Piſ. I *Fleire*, but ſhe may turne.

Fle. But ſhe is ſo much worne my Lord, ſhe's not worth turning now.

Piſ. Doe not vexe me, doe not torment me: doe not torture me upon the racke of jeſts, I tell thee if ſhe pleaſe, ſheo may turne.

Fle. I my Lord, taſte to her game, like a Buzzard Hawke, or ſo:

Piſ. Yet againe, now the Divell take thy body, and damnation light upon thy ſoule, deſtruction on thy bones, confuſion

fuſion in thy marrow, doſt ſcorne me, mocke me, vexe me, torment me? Doſt? Doſt? Ile hang my ſelfe, nay, ile damne my ſelfe rather than love thy Lady, and be abus'd by thee: I will, I will. *Exit Puſe.* *Enter Knight.*

Kni. O *Fleire* how does thy Lady?

Fle. I delivered your letter ſir, and ſhe thankes you for't:

Kni. And how does ſhe? Ha, how does ſhe?

Fle. Faith not well, ſhe has taken Phiſicke, and your gentleman vſher there miniſters to her: ſhe's very great, and ſhe ſayes ſhe feeles much ſtirring in her belly.

Kni. Sure then *Fleire* ſhe has eaten too much raw fruit.

Fle. Vpon my life then, they be plums, and the ſtones make her ſwell.

Kni. Sure then 'tis ſo, I ſhould ſend her ſomething to comfort her now being ſicke: what doſt thinke were beſt *Fleire*?

Fle. Send her an Oaten Cake, 'tis a good Northren token: ſir *Raph Shave* ſent his Miſtris one, but I thinke a meant to ride a journey on her, and thought Oates would make her travell well.

Kni. No, Oates is too great a binder after her Phyſicke, I care not if I goe and viſit her, and carry her a Woodcocke.

Fle. You'l goe alone ſir.

Kni. I, I meane ſo, but how ſhould I carry him *Fleire*?

Fle. Vader your Cloke ſir, under your Cloke.

Kni. Mas, and thou ſayeſt true, ile goe buy one ſtraight, and yet now I remember me, 'tis no great matter if I deferre it till ſhe be well, it ſhall be ſo *Fleire*, I will.

Fle. O y'are of a French humour ſir, as inconſtant, as impatient: I thinke you have ſcarce the patience to tell the clocke when it ſtrikes.

Kni. Tuſh, I keepe a boy for ſuch uſes.

Fle. For nothing elſe?

Kni. Yes, to weare a guarded Cloke.

Fle. Not till you be richly married.

Kni. No, not till I be richly married: he ſhould weare one now, if my money were come out o'th Country.

Fle. I wonder you would be Knighted Sir, since your money is so long a comming, that you cannot maintaine your Knight-hood gallantly.

Kni. Faith I was Knighted to get me a good wife *Fleire*.

Fle. Get you a good wife? Why looke you sir, speake but the golden tongue very perfectly, marry you must speake it well, and call some great Lord Cousen: 'twill get you a better wife than three hundred pound joynter: You may report you have Cole-pits too, 'tis a warme commodity I can tell you: they may be sent about by water; if they nere come, as your money doth not, you may curse the Winds, or complaine of shipwracke: and then though't be alie 'tis drown'd.

Kni. I, but say it should be prov'd afterwards 'twas not true.

Fle. True? Gods my life, she's a wise woman that will goe as farre as New-Castle to search the depth of a Cole-pit for your truth.

Kni. I would be loath to leave my truth so farre hence.

Fle. But I am sure he'll bring his honesty no nearer hither; but that comes about by water too as his money does.

Kni. But *Fleire* is not thy Lady a vertuous Gentlewoman?

Fle. O yes Sir, I often finde her in deepe contemplation.

Kni. Of what I prithee?

Fle. Of Aretines pictures.

Kni. I, I warrant her, O she can endure no bawdry, she spits when she heares one speake on't.

Fle. That's because her mouth waters at it.

Kni. She's wondrous musicall too.

Fle. Very true, she every day sings *Iohn for the King*; and at *Vp-tailes all*, she's perfect.

Kni. Be these good tunes *Fleire*?

Fle. Excellent, excellent Sir, farre better than your Scottish-Iigges.

Kni. Yet many of our Ladies delight much in the Scottish Musicke.

Fle. I, with their instruments.

Kni. Thou

Kni. Thou hast a good wit *Fleire*: if I were a great man thou shouldest be my Secretarie.

Fle. And I hope I should discharge the place sufficiently: for I have learning enough to take a bribe, and wit enough to be proud: but whether are you going now sir?

Kni. Faith I am going to thy Ladies *Fleire*.

Fle. You will not speake with am now; for my Ladies will speake with none but Gentlemen.

Kni. Why sir, I hope I am a Knight, and Knights are before Gentlemen.

Fle. What Knights before Gentlemen, say ye?

Kni. Faith I.

Fle. That's strange, they were wont to be Gentlemen 'fore they were Knighted: but for this newes ile follow you.

Kni. Doe, and as occasion serves ile preferre thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Piso, and Nan as his Boy.

Pis. Why should I love her? Because she's faire, because she's faire? Because she's a whore: for if she were not faire, she would not be a whore; and if she were not faire, I should not love her: *Ergo*, if she were not a whore, I should not love her: well concluded wit, well concluded wit; there is no man breathing could love her but I, she's a whore, yet her beauty haunts me like a Ghost, I cannot sleepe for't, her remembrance rides me like the Mare a nights, I cannot rest for't, what shall I doe? I shall burst boy.

Nan. My Lord.

Piso. Will thy tongue be secret?

Nan. As the clapper of a Mill my Lord.

Piso. Is not that alwayes going?

Nan. I my Lord, but I hope sayes nothing.

Piso. O thou hast wit I see, I am in love my boy, I am I am.

Nan. With whom my Lord?

Piso. With a very wagtaile, an arrant woman, a very Peacocke whose pride is maintained by her taile.

Nan. Then it is maintained by the worthiest part of her body.

Pis. Come, your wit boy, your proofe.

Nan. If a hundred men in a company meet, doth not the worthiest man amongst them first take his place & sit downe?

Pis. I grant it.

Nan. And I am sure my Lord, where ere the body comes the taile first takes his place, and sits downe, and therefore I hope 'tis the worthiest part of the body.

Pis. O that I had the reason of a Sailor to know her like a rocke that I might sayle from her and avoyd her: or as a vertuous man knowes sinne, to loath and leave it. And yet she's wondrous faire, I would she were as honest: kind usage may reclaime her from her sinne, and make her stoupe unto her husbands will, as doth a well-man'd Hawke unto the lure.

Nan. O I, she has beene man'd already, she knowes the lure and will come to any call.

Pis. O but her beauty may excuse the folly of her youth, 'tis want of maintenance hath overthrown her, want & pride are two notorious bawds: want makes the noblest creature sel her soule for gold, and pride doth make the gallants stoope to lust.

Na. And often sels pure honesty, to clad her taile in glittering bravery.

Pis. And 'tis well done, let every member weare that which it won: why should the head study to maintaine the foote?

Nan. Or the foote trot to maintaine the head?

Pis. Why should not every member like a Mechanicke man in a common-wealth, labour in his owne trade to maintaine it selfe? Then since every thing must live, I will no more condemne beauty for being clad in luxury, but henceforth I will love her, and let my passion smoothly swimme along the streame of loves affection: henceforth I will no more with foule and hated thoughts, abuse so rare a creature, whose behaviour and discourse, inchants the eares of men, and drives the world into a wonder ——— ay me!

Nan. Faith my Lord you'l nere win a woman by sighing, crossing

crossing your armes, and crying aye me the onely way to win them, is to care little for am: when they are sad, doe yee sing: when they sing and are merry, then take your time and put am too't: if they will, so: if not, let them packe up: if you will walk in my Lord, ile shew you many prittie tiples I learn't of my Mother, they may doe your Lordship good.

Pis. Goe, goe, I will: but O unhappy fate,
When youth and weakneſſe muſt ſupport our ſtate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fleire one way, Sparke Ruffell and Petrone another way.

Spar. How now *Fleire*?

Ruff. Save you *Fleire*.

Fle. Save yee Gallants, O Signior *Petrone*, ſhall you and I be friends agen?

Spar. Why are yee enemies?

Fle. No great enemies, a quarrell roſe betweene us.

Pet. I doe not like ſuch quarrels, a ſtruck me ſir, and I proteſt and ſweare to you ſir, by this Trinidado, had I not taken the boxe on my cheeke, a had broke my Pipe.

Spar. Why didſt not ſtrike him agen?

Ruff. O no, his Father's a Iuſtice.

Fle. Nay if the Father be of Peace, I ſee no reaſon the Son ſhould fight.

Ruff. What, a coward Signior? Fie a Coward?

Fle. A Coward? Why that's his only vertue, for a Coward abuſeth no man, but makes him ſatisfaction: for if a wrong all men, a gives all men leave to beate him, hee's like a Whetſtone, he ſets an edge on another, & yet a wil not cut himſelfe.

Ruff. Come, come, we muſt needs have you friends, and thou'lt doe him ſome good offices.

Fle. Who? I? With all my heart, what is't ſir? What is't?

Ruff. Thou ſhalt commend his love to Madam *Frumage*.

Fle. His love to her? What Signior, in love with my Ladies Ancient?

Spar. Why her Ancient?

Fle. Becauſe ſhe carries her colours for her, but 'tis in a

box: but Signior you shall have a good match on't, though she be not rich, yet she's an ancient woman, and is able to get her living by Midwifery, & I can tel ye 'tis not the worst trade going, considering how young and old, and all doe their good wils to set them a worke, and 'tis a good hearing, better they get then Lawyers, for your Midwives live by the agreement betweene party and party, and the falling in of lovers, but the Lawyers live by the falling out of friends.

Pet. I pray sir what may she be worth?

Fle. Worth? Let me see, she hath three yellow Perewigs of her owne: she hath a fan with a short silver handle about the length of a Barbers, siringe: she has a looking glasse too, but that has plaid the prodigall Citizen with her, 'tis broken, and much other goods of the same nature.

Spa. But come Signior, how will you woe her?

Pet. I will tell her she is so wise, that neyther age nor time could cousen her of beauty.

Fle. And by my faith that will doe well.

Pet. I will tell her that I love her most for the whitenesse of her skin.

Fle. But you may not say the sweetnesse of her breath, for that stinkes.

Pet. I will praise the smalnesse of her fingers.

Fle. But I assure you may better praise the length of her Nailes.

Pet. I am afraid that being old she has a dry hand.

Fle. That's certaine, but she hath a very moyst nose, you may praise her for that: but my Gallants, why are yee such strangers at our little Court?

Spa. Because thy Ladies live like the Beadles of Bridewel.

Fle. How's that sir?

Spa. By the sinnes of the people.

Ruff. They say the Lord *Piso*, hath beene a good Clyent to thy elder Lady of late.

Fle. The more foole he? Why your good Clyent is but like your study gowne, sits in the colde himselfe to keepe the Lawyer warme.

Spa. And

Spa. And what fees hast thou out of their trade?

Fle. Faith my fees are like a puny Clarkes, a peny a sheet.

Spar. How a Peny a sheet?

Fle. Why if any lie with them a whole night, I make the bed i'th morning, and for that I have two pence, and that's a peny a sheet.

Ruff. What Gallants use to come to your house?

Fle. All sorts, all nations, and all trades; there is first Master *Gallant* your *Britaine*, Master *Metheglins* your Welshman, Mounsieur *Mustrooms* the Frenchman: Signior *Fumado* the Spaniard, Master *Oscabath* the *Irishman*: and Master *Shamrough* his Lackey: O and Master *Slopdragon* the Dutchman. Then for your Tradesmen, there comes first Master *Salsberry-gum* the Physitian, Master *Smooth* the Silkman, Master *Thimble* the Taylor, Master *Blade* the Cutler, and Master *Rowel* the Spurrier: but Master *Match* the Gunner of Tower-hill comes often: he has taught my Ladies to make fire-workes, they can deale in Chambers already, as well as all the Gunners that make am flie off with a traine at Lambeth, when the Mayor and Aldermen land at Westminster: but come Signior, you have Tobacco, and ile give you a Cup of Mild Sacke and we'l ene goe drinke a health to our Mistresses. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertij.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the two Ladies Pisa and Knight, and Fromage one way, Sparke, Ruffell, Peronne and Fleire, another way.

Fle. HEalth to our best esteemed friends, Master *Sparke*, and Master *Ruffell*.

Per. Our good wishes ever wait upon our best beloved friends Master *Russell*, and Master *Sparke*.

Ambo. We both are much indebted to your Ladiſhips.

Fleire. Looke you Signior, that's ſhe: whoſe love meanes to aſſault your braines, ſince you have blowne up your owne ſconce with Tobacco.

Pet. As I am truely generous, ſhe's modeſt.

Faire Miſtris, you are ſo wiſe, that neyther time nor age could ever couſen you of beauty, and I ſweare even by the Alpes high heaven-touching tops, the travailors narrow paſſage, and by the towring head of high Mount *Chiego*, the Seamans South-ward marke: by theſe the witneſſes unto my travaile, I doe vow that you are paſſing faire.

From. If I be not faire Sir, I muſt be foule.

Pet. A foule Lady? What Bird might that be?

From. A foule Lady? Y'are a ſawcy lacke to call mee ſo, that you are.

Pet. Obe not angry, for I proteſt I cannot but commend the whiteneſſe of your skin.

From. Marry muffe, I thinke a be a Tanner, and meanes to buy me for my skin.

Pet. Gods me; ſhe's angry, what ſhall I doe now Signior?

Fle. To her agen man, doe not leave her, the Moone is now upon change, ſhe will turne.

Pet. I pray you Lady know me by the title of ſome kindneſſe.

Fro. Kindneſſe; faith Sir you are miſtaken in me, you muſt ſeeke your flurts ſome other where, and I pray come not to make a foole of me: alas man though I am a waiting-woman doe not thinke I ſpend my time in nothing but tempering of colours, working of drawne-worke, warming of ſmocks, and pinning in of ruffes, faith yes.

Fle. And you come to her Signiour, you muſt come to her as Country-Gentlewomen doe into the faſhion, that is: in the taile and latter end on't.

Fro. Faith I, and yee come to begin your knavery on me, ile take you downe: I am none of your yong ſimpering wai-

ting-

ting-women, that are ashamed to be counted proud, & therefore suffer every Serving-man to use them at their pleasure.

Pet. Now on my conscience Mistresse, my love is honest, and I desire marriage.

Fre. Indeede if you meane marriage, I am content to beare the more with you: but I pra'y sir, when shall we be married? by my troth I aske you, because I have beene so often deceived, I warrant you, I have beene promised and dealt upon promises in the way of marriage above an hundred times.

Pet. At our next meeting we will set downe a day for the effecting of it.

Flo. Gentlewomen, we have some small discourse which a little requires secrecy, therefore if it please yee to walke in, and make use of our better roomes, we will not long be absent from you.

Sp. & Ruf. With all our hearts. *Exeunt.*

Manent two Ladies, the Lord and Knight.

Felicia, and the two Wenches disguised, hide themselves.

Flo. Worthy Lord, doe not thinke immodestie in mee, though contrary to the bashfull habite of my sexe, I am inforc'd by loves almighty power, to reveale the secrets of my heart: Your letters have so much prevailed with me, that in a word I must confesse I love you.

Fel. Worthy Knight, I would my words had but the power to worke in you; that which your lines have done in me, then should the happy consolation of my life dwell ever in your loves imbracements.

Kni. Assure ye Lady, your gift of love to me shall be deserved, though nothing but my lives deare breath requite it.

Pis. And I will rather die a shamefull death, then live a hatefull life, which I must do unlesse I find a meanes that may deserue your loue.

Flo. Now your tongue goes like a well-tuned instrument, and makes my hart within my bosome dance with ioy, to heare such large requitall of my love: but durst you to maintaine this your affection, although it were with some danger

of

of your life?

Piso. Durst I? I vow, even by my soules eternity, I durst:

Flo. Alas, if you knew all, t'is your owne good, not mine and yet I lie, t'is my good too, since my life depends upon your safety.

Pis. What is't deare Lady? although it bee the death of man, if it be pleasing unto you Ile doo't.

Flo. O let me embrace so deare a spirit in so deare a bosome: and since you haue bound your selfe by promise, I will be plaine, there are two that hate you two, because we love you, and often have perswaded us by gifts and large protestations to have us love them if they kill'd you.

Pis. What us?

Kni. Who we?

Flo. Nay t'is too true; for while you liv'd, they said there was no hope for them to looke for any love from us: now we poore seely women, fearing least they without consent of us, should doe that which their hatred doth intend, we thinke it fit prevention first be used, by giving them to drinke of what themselves have brude.

Pis. First murther them.

Fel. True, so shall yee then be sure,
T'inioy our loves, we yours, and live secure.

Pis. But what are they Ladies?

Flo. Sparke. *Fel.* And Ruffell.

Pis. They die for't, though they were my Fathers Sonnes.

Kni. They shall not live.

Pis. Let little children feare the shallow Brookes, for I can swim though't be but through Seas of blood: let fooliſh feare goe dwell with women, for bloudy resolution shall not part from me, Ile kill them both even with mine owne hands, Ile doo't.

Flo. O no, ile reveale it then, unlesse you first doe sweare and take a Sacrament, what ever hap to keepe our names vntoucht.

Pis Vntoucht? weele doo't.

Fel. Then

Fel. Then for the meanes?

Kni. Weele ſtabbe them.

Piſ. Weele fight with them.

Fle. No, ſo you may miſſe them, and they kill you.

Fel. Give them a Figge.

Fle. Make them drinke their laſt.

Fel. Poyſon them.

Piſ. But for the meanes.

Fle. You two ſhall make a banquet, and in a cup of Wine a health ſhall paſſe.

Piſ. In which ile mingle, mingle ſuch a dram, as they ſhall ride to heaven in poſt, unleſſe they miſſe the way.

Kni. But where ſhall we get the poiſon? Becauſe you know t'is dangerous, and will breed ſuſpect where ere we buy it.

Piſ. I have a Country-man in towne an Apothecary, one *Seigneur Alaume*, a fellow that is well ſtor'd, and will ſell me of the beſt.

Nan. If a were of my mind, a would thinke no poiſon too good for you.

Fle. Come then, I would have you goe about the preparation of the feaſt.

Exeunt.

Fle. Now boyes, you have a couple of goodly maſters.

Nan. I *Fleire*, and thou haſt a couple of vertuous miſtreſſes, O they are a couple of damn'd peeces, that will plot or counſell the death of two ſuch worthy Gentlemen.

Su. For one of them the earth did never beare a worthier creature.

Nan. Which is that?

Su. Which is that? why ſiſter, have you ſo oft confeſt that his all-perfection'd ſpirit points him out for vertue her ſelfe to imitate, and yet doe y' aske now which is that?

Fle. How? ſiſter, nay now I ſmell you yfaith, doe y' heare, doe y' heare, whoſe Fidlers are you two? what inſtruments do you beare I pra'y?

Nan. You have told a wiſe taile, faith Sir We carrie none.

Fle. Tis true my little Muſitians, you cary but the caſe my little curtals, yfaith I ſmell a ſmocke here too, and are ye two wenches yfaith.

Na. If we were I hope thou wouldſt not wrong vs.

Fle. No, as I am true Italian borne.

Su. Then tis true, we confeſſe to the we are both wenches, and the love of theſe two Gentlemen, *Sparke* and *Ruffell* hath made vs leaue our ſelues to waite on them, which by misfortune we did miſſe.

Fle. But beleeue me my little Gallants, ye play the Boyes well.

Na. Well? why ile tell the, I haue plaide the boy ſo long as I am chang'd into the nature of a boy; ile go to ſpancounter with any Page in *Europe*, for his beſt garters, I can tell baudy tales, drinke drunke, brag ſweare and lie, with any Lakie i the Towne.

Su. I can man a Puncke to a play, or ſlaunder any Gentlewoman, as well as any Innes a Court puny, I can as well as he ſweare ſuch a Lady is in loue with me, and ſuch a Citizens Daughter would haue come to bed to me, when all ſhall be as true as thy Ladies are honeſt.

Na. I wonder thoult liue in ſuch a ſinfull place.

Su. Thy Ladies are as common as any Tauerne doore.

Fle. Good compariſons, for a man comes no ſooner into a Tauerne, but he is welcome, and the operation of the pot makes him not able to ſtand, when he comes out.

Na. But what ſhall we doe in this matter?

Su. Doe? Why complaine them to the Magiſtrates, and preuent the murder.

Fl. No, not ſo, ile tell you how't ſhal be, harke in your eare.

Both. Doe it and we ſhall ever thanke thee.
Come lets about it then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Seignior Alunio, the Apothecarie in his ſhop with Wares about him.

Al. What this? O this is *Arrigon*; this makes the olde man able, and the young man luſty, ſtrengthneth the nerues and

and doth concoct the blood, and her name is written on the box, becauſe my wife ſhould know it in my abſence: this is Ciuet, this comes from the Cats taile, I would mine were ſuch a Cat: this perfumes your Ladies, and not without cauſe, for ſome meane whoſe ſweete breath is dead, and teeth morne in blacke for the loſſe on't, this makes your yong Gallants ſmell them, nine daies before they ſee them, like young poops: this drug is pretious and deare; what this? O this is the ſpirit of Roſes, nineteene buſhells and a halfe of Roſes makes but an ounce, and a dramme on't, tis made of the Quinteſſence of the water after the fifteenth diſtillation: none may kiſſe a Ladie after ſhe hath annointed her lips with this vnder the degree of a Lord at leaſt, tis worth nine pounds an ounce, yet I could neuer ſtill it ſo.

Enter Fleire diſguiſed.

Fle. Saue you Seignioure.

Alu. Y'are welcome ſir, what doe ye lacke?

Fle. I want a ſeruice. and am by my profeſſion an Apothecarry, and ſhall be glad to be entertained by you.

Al. What Countryman art thou?

Fle. I am a Florentine borne.

Alu. Thou art my cou tryman, and therefore welcome and in happy time, for I am bound for Italy, and want a man to take charge of my ſhop, onely this is all: I ſhall require of you to be carefull of your cares, and obedient to your Miſtreſſe.

Fle. I ſhall remember ſtill not to forget what you giue me in charge.

Alu. What is thy name?

Fle. *Iacome*,

Alu. Well *Iacome*, if I find thee honeſt, thou ſhalt find me liberall.

Fle. I would be loath to be found otherwiſe.

Alu. Continue ſo, I prethee, and ſo farewell *Iaques*, but ile enforme my wife before I goe, to reſpect thee according to thy merit. *Exit.*

Enter Piso and Knight.

Fle. Now come away my customers, I hope I am fitted for an Apothecary, S'heart I think im turn'd coniurer, for I have no sooner call'd, but the devils are appeared, what doe yee lacke Gentlemen.

Pis. Where's your Master, fellow?

Fle. My Master is gone into *Italy* sir, but if yee want any thing, ile vse you well, if you want any drugs to make Lotiums, any Restringent Powders, any Aqua Mirabilis, any Cordiall receipts, or any Pretious Poysons?

Kni. What poysons haue you?

Fle. Excellent good sir, as ever was tasted, looke you sir, this poysons by the smell, this by the sighe, & this by the tast.

Pis. Come giue me some of this that poysons, by the tast but how must I use it?

Fle. Put it into a little Wine, and drinke it, twill bring you into a long sleepe.

Pis. But art sure twill poyson a man?

Fle. Am I sure on't, why take't vpon my credit, 'twill poison any vermine except it be a woman, for 'twill poyson a Cat sir.

Kni. Why a Cat hath nine liues sir, and wilt not poyson a woman, seeing 'twill poyson a Cat.

Fle. O no, why a woman hath nine Cats lives, a woman hath more lives then a horse hath diseases, and she will bee sometimes in as many minds in an houre, as she hath lives.

Pis. What times are those?

Fle. When shee's left a rich Marchants Widdow, commonly, and hath many suiters, she will in her mind marry 3. or 4 and 50. of am in an afternoone, and threescore more when she goes to bed, yet in the morning sheele haue none of them all, but goe to Church before day, and marry her Prentise for the good seruice a did her in her husbands time.

Pis. Well, but what's the prise of your poyson?

Fle. There's an ounce will cost you a French crowne sir.

Kni. Tis very deare.

Fle. O

Fle. O sir tis very cheape considering the goodneſſe on't.

Piſo. Yea? is their good in ill?

Fle. O sir, I, in many things the better the worſer.

Kni. As how?

Fle. As in poyſon, or in a Puncke, for the better whoore the worſer woman euer.

Piſ. Well honeſt fellow, there's thy mony and farewell. *Exit.*

Fle. I thanke your sir, I have ſould you a poyſon my old elders, twill make am ſleepe indeed. and I thanke God that's the worſt t'will doe, well, farewell Maſter Apothecary, I muſt now like a friend intreate your ſhop to have a ſpeciall care of it ſelfe. *Exit.*

Enter Sparke, Ruffell and Petoune.

Ruff. And ſhall we dine with this honorable Lord and Knight to day?

Spa. Theile take it unkindly elſe.

Ruff. Seignior will you goe?

Pet. Not I, I was not bid.

Ruff. That's all one, ſhalt be my gueſt.

Spa. Come, a ſhall goe, for there will be his Miſtreſſe Madam *Fromaga.*

Ru. Nay then I know the jet of her complexion, will draw the ſtraw of his love thither.

Spar. Faith I, poore Seignior, I ſee the Springle of her beautie hath already caught the Woodcocke of his affections

Pet. Well, I ſee he that wil have the commodity of good wits in his company, muſt indure the diſcommodity of jeſts, wit is like the heate of blood in youth twill breake out.

Ruff. True Seignior, though it be but on a Scab, but come ſhall we goe?

Pet. I my Heroique Spirits, ile follow yee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Petoune one way, and Nan the Page another way.

Nan. O Seignior *Petoune* what newes?

Pet. Faith ill newes, the two Florentine Ladies, with Maſter *Sparke* and Maſter *Ruffell* were all poyſoned yeſterday at a feaſt by your Lord *Prio* and the Knight, but the Ladies haue recouered their health, but *Sparke* and *Ruffell* are dead, and their buriall is committed to *Fleire*: your Lord and the Knight are committed to priſon, and ſhall to morrow be arraign'd for the Murthur, and tride by the Ciuill-law, becauſe your Lord is a ſtranger, and claimes to be tride by the law of Nations.

Nan. Faith Seignior I am very ſorry for my Lord.

Pet. I Proteſt ſir ſo am I for them both.

Nan Well Seignior Ile commit you to God.

Pet. Let the whole band of Angels be centinels to your ſafety ſweet Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fleire at one doore and a Serving-man at another.

Fle. I pray Sir doth Iuſtice *Ferrio* dwell here?

Ser. Yes ſir a dwels here.

Fle. Are you towards him ſir?

Ser. I am a poore Gentleman, whoſe fortunes much depend vpon his fauours, and indeed ſir I am his clarke.

Fle. I pray ſir your name.

Ser. My name is *Mittimus* ſir.

Fle. Good Maſter *Mittimus* I would very willingly ſpeake with your Maſter.

Ser. Indeed ſir, hee's not well, but if you pleaſe to ſend by me the ſubſtance of your buſineſſe I ſhall very carefully deliuer it.

Fle. Truely maſter *Mittimus* my buſineſſe is but this: to morrow the Italian Lord, and *Sir Iohn. Hauelittle* are to be arraign'd

arraign'd, and your maiſter beeing the chiefe Iudge of the Court, without his preſence or licence, the reſt can doe nothing: wherefore Doctor *Cains* intreates to know his pleaſure in this buſineſſe.

Mutt. Sir I ſhall deliver your meſſage, and will returne his anſwere to you preſently.

Fle. Good maiſter *Mittimus* therein ſhall you much obleige me to be thankfull.

O all-directing power yeeld good aſpect.
And to my purpoſe giue a bleſſed end,
My intent is good, O let it ſo ſucceed.
And be auſpicious ſtill to each good deed.

Enter Seruingman with a Ring.

Ser. Sir my maiſter, hath received your meſſage, & hath ſent this Ring as a token to Doctor *Cain*, deſiring him, ſince my maiſters health will not permit him to be preſent, to proceede alone to iugedment, and ſo commends his loue to him.

Fle. Good maſter *Mittimus*, I ſhall both deliver your maiſters commendations, and the Ring.

Exeunt ſeuerally.

Enter Lord Piſo with a Torch, a Night-cap, and his Doublet open: In priſon.

Piſo. Still tongueleſſe night put off thy ſable robe,
Thou needs not mourne, my villanies were done
By day, thou hadſt no hand in them, O I am great, as is a woman that is neare her time:
And life's the burthen that I beare.
But ti's a baſtard for that I am a ſham'd on't.
The Law I hope is a skilfull midwife, and will ſoone deliuer me; grim Iuſtice doe thy worſt,
Tha crueltie ſhall prove a curteſie,
And baile me out of priſon.
Lie there thou ſelfe-conſuming Taper, true paterne of my life, I have conſum'd my ſelfe for others, as thou haſt done for mee, and now ſhee has extinguiſht my life as I this light.

O how obedient was my bounty, ſtill
To her command? My liberality
Did fatten miſchiefe, and hath made her proud:
O that too much of any thing, ſhould be ſo ill in every thing.
The Suns all-ſeeing eye, with too much untemperate heate
Makes wither what it made to flouriſh.
The earth being mother to all wholſome hearbs,
With too much fatneſſe oft produceth weeds.
A ſute of cloath doth keepe the body warme,
When richer garments makes the wearer proud.
O, the meanes the ſweeteſt Muſicke;
Contentment reuels when that ſtring is toucht;
But O, the time will come ſhe will repent
My death: for when ſhee lookes on vices face
Vnmaskt like mine; ſhe will deteſt and loath it.
For this is truth and euermore hath bin,
"None can forſake before he knowes his ſinne. *Exit.*

Enter Fleire, Sparke, and Ruffell.

Fle. Come, come, thou didſt but dreame thou wert in hell.

Spa. I tell thee I was in hell.

Ruff. And ſo was I too, Ile be ſworne.

Fle. And how long was't ere thou cameſt thither?

Sp. Me thought tw'as long, as long as a ſuit hangs here in the Law ere it be ended.

Fle. But I prethee how broad was the way to hell?

Sp. As broad as the ſpace betweene two lines in a Chauncerie bill.

Fle. O ſir, there's the conſcience on't, ſay the Plaintiffe be in one line, and the defendant in another, they being enemies, wer't either conſcience or honeſtie in the Clearke to thruſt them too neare together, that they might goe together by th'eares? But yfaith what good fellowſhip was their in hell?

Spa. O the diuels are excellent companions, theile drinke your Dutch captaines, or Court Ladies ſpunges.

Fle. Who

Fle. Who didſt ſee there?

Sp. Faith I ſaw the foure ſonnes of *Aymon*, and they were Porters euer ſince there was a companie made of am.

Fle. Why, are there a companie of Porters in hell?

Sp. O I, the diuels are but our Apes man.

Fle. But didſt thou ſee more of them that were damn'd?

Sp. Yes, I ſaw a Citizen damn'd for refuſing a deſperate debt, becauſe t'was tendred him on a Sabboth.

Fle. I hope wee ſhall have no more Citizens damn'd for that fault.

Spar. Their was a poore mercinarie woman damn'd, becauſe ſhee forſooke her Trade, and turn'd Puritane.

Fle. And good reaſon, why could not ſhee haue kept her Traide, and beene a Puritane, as well as a Puritane keepes her Religion, and yet bee of her Trade.

Spar. There was a Ladie damn'd becauſe ſhee neuer painted: a Puritane for ſaying Grace without turning vppe the white of his eyes: A Tayler for neuer having ſcabbie fingers: A Vintner for making great two pennie-worths of Sugar. But there was a Innes of Court man damn'd, and I was ſory for him.

Fle. Why was he damn'd?

Sp. Alas for a ſmall fault.

Fle. I prethe what was't?

Spar. For hauing alwayes money in his purſe.

Fle. Were there no Lawyers in hell?

Spar. There were none of your great Lawyers as your Serieants and Benchers, for they take Counſaile of too many good Angels, to come there: but your young puny Lawyers they were in ſwarmes like Gnats in Summer.

Fle. Why are there ſo many of them there?

Sp. Alas man, they ſeldome converſe with a good Angell ſcarce once in a whole Michaelmaſſe Tearme, and if a come a ſtayes not long with am to feede theſe ſoules, for they are faine to ſend am away ſtraight to pay for the feeding of their Horſes, there was a Chambermaid damn'd for keeping her virginitie till ſhee was marryed, and there were

many Soldiers damb'd for saying their prayers when they were drunke,

Fle. But what didst thou see in hell?

Ruff. O, I saw a Scrivener damb'd for procuring a Gentleman money Gratis, but I came in an excellent time.

Fle. What time was't?

Ruff. In a gossipping time, for *Proserpina* was newly brought a bed of two twins.

Fle. Two twins! what were they?

Ruff. A Sergeant and a Yeoman, but she has put them out to nurse.

Fle. I prethee where?

Ruff. Faith at the Counter in Wood-street, and the slaves will sucke already like little Horseleaches.

Ruff. But when will she have am home, that she may be rid of am.

Ruff. Faith shee's an vnnaturall Mother, she cares not greatly if they neuer come home, but the divell their Father he loves am well, heele have am home againe ere long.

Fle. Which is the elder Brother?

Ruff. O the Sergeant, the Devill allowes him the better maintenance, for he has more to the dressing of his meate.

Fle. Well, Gentlemen, since by the heavens pleasure I have bin appointed to saue your lives, let me intreate you to keepe your selves secret till the sequell of this action shall neede your presence.

Ruff. Come lets goe, weele onely follow your directions. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Iudges with their traine and sit downe.

Iaylor. Will't please yee have the prisoners brought foorth?

Caius. Wee can doe nothing till wee heare from Doctor *Ferrio*, to know his pleasure in these proceedings.

2. Iudges. Was any man sent to him?

Caius, Yes, *Fleir*, the Lady *Floridaes* man, which is not yet returned.

Enter

Enter a Jaylor.

Jaylor. Reuerend Iudges: heere's a Doctor at doore desires admittance.

Caius, Intreate him to come in.

Enter Fleire like a Doctor.

Fle. Learned Doctors, Doctor *Ferrio* commends him to you, and because sicknesse hath laide so strong a hand vpon his weake decrepit body, which doth detaine his presence, he intreats you to accept of me in his place, and as assurance of his earnest desire thereof, he has sent this well knowne ring as a token to you.

Caius, Sir, we know the ring and you are very welcome, and so I pray assume his place.

Iaylor, Is it your pleasure the Prisoners be brought foorth.

Caius, I, both of them.

Enter Piso Knight, two Ladies, two wenches, Nan and Sue, Petonne, Fromage.

Caius. My Lord, you are heere indited of a hate full crime and I am very sorry to see you in this sort stand here.

Pis. Thrice Reuerend Iudges, and therefore honored Lords, I must confesse, that like a skilfull dancer, I haue truely footed folly, yet like a learner in my course of life, trod much out of measure, I have liu'd like an vnbackt colt proud and wanton, my tree of life hath borne more leaves then fruite, I ever was deboash'd and steard away my dayes even in a sea of sinne.

Caius. And in that sea my Lord, you bore so great a saile as you have over set your barke of life, and heere you are accused my Lord, even of a hatefull crime, so is the Knight there for poisoning two Gentlemen, *Sparke* and *Ruffell*, how doe you answer this my Lord?

Pis. Alas my Lord, this is soone answered, for though that I have surfeited on sinne, yet have I not bin drunke

with blood.

Cains: What say you Knight?

Kni. The crime is great I must confesse my Lord, but I am sure the proofe can be but little.

Cains. Ladies you know most, and therefore 'tis fittest m st you speake.

Fle. Why then my Lord, this is all we can say, this Lord and knight feasted divers of vs their friends, but foure of v s he drench'd with such a dramme which soone made two discharge the debt they ow'd to nature.

Pis. O conscience wouldst thou give me leave!

Fel. And wee no doubt my Lords, had long ere this breath'd out our lives like them, but that we had the lesser quantitie, for being esteemed the weaker vessels, they thought the lesser blow would breake vs.

Kni. O had not death arrested me.

Fle. Why then my Lord, wee thus must now proceed, they that spilt innocent blood themselves must bleed; but Ladies I have heard you had a man call'd *Fleire*, what's become of him?

Flo: He was sent to Doctor *Ferrio*, and we never saw him since.

Fle. Doe you know his hand Ladies?

Fel. Very well. *Fle.* I pray looke heere then.

Flo. This is his hand indeed.

Fel. I very perfectly doe know it to be his.

Fle. Why then vpon this hand I heare arrest you both, vpon your lives.

Both. Who, wee?

Fle. I, you Ladies, my Lord I pray you, read this letter.

Cains. Reuerend Iudges, God will by some meanes punish every sinne, and though against my will, yet by my conscience I am enforced to vnmaske my Ladies villanies, the murther for which the Lord and Knight are like to die, was first plotted by them: the two Pages with my selfe did heare it: the Prisoners in this Action, are inforc't by Sacrament to be secret, and thus intreating heauen in Iustice, still to ayde you. Yours *Eleere* a Florentine.

Cains

Caius Is this true my Lord?

2. *Iudg.* They are sworne not to reveale it

Fle. But being reveal'd they May affirme it.

Both. 'Tis too true my Lord.

Fle. Where are the Pages?

Both. Heere my Lord.

Fle. How say you boyes to this Letter?

Both. The letter speakes nothing but the truth.

Fle. Well Ladies, then we heere pronounce this sentence that you must die among the rest.

Flo. You powers diuine, I know doe plainely see.
Heavens starrie eyes sees all our villanie:
And God in Iustice murther will reveale,
But were I now, my life for to beginne,
I'de be an honest wife to you, wherefore forgive me deerest (Lord

Pis. Lady, I doe even as I hope to be forgiven.

Fel. Show mercy heaven, my sinnes doe thee offend,
There's none can say, hee's happie till his end;
Forgiveneſſe Knight and since the law on vs,
Hath laid so strickt a hand, O let me be
Thy wife before I die, and were I now
A thousand yeares to live, I would be honest
Loving none but thee.

Kni. I doe forgive you Lady with my soule.

Enter a Messenger With Letters to Piso.

Mes. Long live my honored Lord and mighty Duke of Florence.

Pis. So a will, as long as't please the Hang-man.

Mes. My honored Lord, your Father is deceased, and the state of Florence by me hath sent their Letters, and allegiance.

Pis. Let them call backe the banisht Seignior *Antifront* whom they and we, and all have wrong'd: O could I live but to inquire him out, in satisfaction of his wrongs, i'de marry his eldest daughter, & whilst a liv'd a should be restored

to

to his estate, but O hee's ——— *Fleire shewes himselfe to be Antifront.*

Fle. Heere my Lord.

I taxe you to your word, Seignior *Amifront* yet lives,
And heere's his elder Daughter whom himselfe
But now condemn'd to die: and heere's the younger
Left for you, the poisoned men are heere alive againe,
Who did but dreame of death, but yet doe
Live t'enrich a nuptiall bed to you two,
And now since every thing so well doth sort,
Let all be pleas'd in this our comicke sport,
Where's *Petrunc*? he shall have his Mistris too,
He most deserues, for he did hotly wooe,
If we part friends, your hands unto us lend,
What was not well, weele next strive to amend,

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.